

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

Vol. II.—No 32.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, February 6, 1892.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.

*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

**DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED.**  
—THE—  
**SILVER ASH**  
**INSTITUTE**  
—FOR THE TREATMENT OF—  
**DRUNKENNESS**  
—AND THE—  
**OPIUM HABIT.**  
SAFE, PURE, SCIENTIFIC.  
CYNTHIANA, Ky.

OFFICERS.  
C. E. Wharton, O. C. Wheeler,  
President. Manager,  
Dr. L. S. Giveus,  
Physician in charge.  
Dr. O. J. Gronendyke,  
Consulting Physician.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Jan., '92.  
R. B. Neal, Centerville, Ky.  
DEAR SIR—We believe the Silver Ash Institute located in our city for the treatment of the liquor habit and cure of drunkenness is worthy of our commendation, and so far as results are concerned (in one individual case of which we know) the treatment has been satisfactory.

A. Williamson,  
W. L. Northcutt,  
A. A. Dille,  
W. N. Northcutt,  
L. S. Giveus, M. D.

From a Lexington Confederate Soldier.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 2, 1892.  
C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Mr. J. C. Hays, a worthy farmer who has just moved to Kentucky and bought the Buchanan farm near Versailles, wishes you to send him the Blade; post office address, Versailles, Ky. I enclose you check on Second National for (my) subscription. Yours truly,  
THOMAS S. LOGWOOD.

In view of a recent occurrence, it does me good to get the support of a Confederate soldier. No man more exemplary, honest and energetic than Mr. Logwood lives in Lexington, but I never heard it hinted that he wanted an office.

An Unjust Letter that a Christian Preacher Marked "Private."

HORSE CAVE, Ky., Dec. 31, '91  
Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.  
KIND SIR—You need not send the Blue Grass Blade to me after Jan. 1, '92. I will pay what I owe to that date.

I don't desire that I owe you any subscription to your stock. I subscribe stock in a Prohibition paper, not a paper to be filled with infidelity.

Respectfully,  
W. F. ROGERS

Mr. W. F. Rogers is a preacher in the "Christian" or "Reform" church.

This letter is marked at the top "Private." It is very natural that he should want it to be "private." I never saw or heard of Mr. Rogers until the time he subscribed to the stock of my paper. I have never seen him since.

His father was the intimate friend of my family. I met his father while I was getting up the stock of my paper and asked him if he would subscribe to it. He said he was not financially able to do so but that his son was, and told me to see him—that he was in town. I found Mr. W. F. Rogers and handed him the subscription list. I do not recollect what I said to him, but think it was very little. I showed him at the head of the paper the obligation that had already been signed by many of the first citizens in the city.

He read, I think, what I showed him. If he did not read it, I had his own fault. No man ought to sign anything without reading it. The obligation which he signed simply stated that it was for stock in a newspaper to be edited in Lexington to be called the Blue Grass Blade. It did not say who was to edit it, and did not say what view of politics or religion it would take.

I would quote the heading if I had it at hand. I may have told him it would be for Prohibition, but am quite certain that I did not tell him there would be no

"infidelity" in it. I do not think I told him I was going to edit a Prohibition paper. My impression is that I told him the paper would be "edited in the interests of good morals generally."

It has been edited against all the popular evils, and in favor of all the most salient virtues, to the best of my ability, under the circumstances. Had it been edited in favor of saloons and Democracy, and avowed infidelity, I do not think he could at law avoid the obligation he has signed.

Certain Democrats here among whom were such lawyers as Judge Hunt and Mr. Shelby who wanted to avoid payment of their subscription on the same paper, did not claim at all that they were released by any failure on my part to comply with my part of the contract, real or alleged; but they avoided the payment by defeating the proposed incorporation of the stock holders, and thus availed themselves of a technical advantage.

Men of their standing do not generally avail themselves of a legal advantage, to avoid a debt that has at least some appearance of being equitable, if there is any other plea upon which they can avoid payment. I therefore infer that a learned judge, who was the leader of those who wanted to avoid the payment, has decided that a legal technicality was the plea to which they were driven, and that therefore the defense of Mr. Rogers was not, in the Judge's judgment, at all tenable one.

There were other preachers in the Christian church embracing some who were among the most prominent of them, who signed that obligation. There were also other preachers in other churches who signed it. Every one of them has paid, and done it cheerfully, and paid me for their paper, most of them twice—for the year past and the coming year, and have all spoken kindly and encouragingly to me about the paper, except one preacher beside Mr. Rogers. The one alluded to is a mulatto preacher named Moore who has charge of the negro Baptist church in Lexington. Moore came to me and said "Will you allow a colored man to take stock in your paper?" I said "I would rather have you than any white man in town."

He has several times since met me and volunteered to tell me he would pay for his paper. He declined to answer any notices of his indebtedness that I have sent him, that were of the same tenor as that sent to Mr. Rogers which elicited the reply above, and which asked them as kindly as I could to notify me that they would not pay me, if they did not intend to do so, so that I might close up their accounts on my book.

Since that was written Rev. Moore has again promised to pay—Editor.

There are to-day more preachers in the State of Kentucky, and in the United States, of various denominations, who are working to advance the circulation of the Blade, and sending me their money and encouraging letters, than ever did these for any paper published in the State of Kentucky, religious or secular. Just as I was sitting down to the table in my family room, on Sunday evening, to write this and other articles, Rev. A. Luby of the Baptist church who lives in Owen county called to see me, to encourage me in my work with the Blade. He is a Prohibitionist and volunteered to take some copies of the Blade for distribution.

He is a poor man, but will pay for his paper. A little while before he came I was walking on the streets with Rev. Hiram Ford.

He is a well to do man. He is a minister in the Christian church, and was the Prohibition candidate for Congress from this district at the last election. He said to me "I have just been reading the Blade on Sunday evening."

They say you are doing more good than all the preachers in the state." He has paid for his paper. I have lately printed a letter from Josiah Harris, late Prohibition candidate for Governor of Kentucky, and ex Chairman of the State Prohibition Executive Committee. He is a churchman in full fellowship in some church—I think the Christian. His letter ranked my services for the Prohibition party with those of Haddock and Gambrell, and called upon all Prohibitionists in the United States, and in Kentucky especially, to support me.

I never saw Chairman Dieck of the National Executive Committee but once. He asked me if I had a Blue Grass Blade in my pocket in less than ten seconds after he saw me. He showed me distinguished honor and kindness in the presence of a body of the most prominent Prohibitionists in the State of Kentucky. The Blade has been going to him ever since, and he has never made any

complaint of my infidelity. George W. Bain the most prominent Prohibition orator of our state is the steadfast friend of myself and the Blade, and the last time I heard him speak he paid a pretty tribute to my services to the cause of Prohibition. Gen. Green Clay Smith once candidate for President of the United States, had received the Blue Grass Blade from the time it started. He is a minister in the Baptist church, and was the man who nominated me for a position on the Prohibition State Executive Committee when I was elected upon that Committee.

More Christian women of different churches in the State of Kentucky, and in the United States, are to-day friends of the Blue Grass Blade than of any paper ever published in this State. I do not know of a woman Prohibitionist in the state who does not take it and pay for it. Some of them are stock holders in the Blade and paid their stock without being notified.

I not only do not want any pay from Mr. Rogers for the Blade he has now received for more than a year but I want him to, and if he sends it, it will go back to his address at Horse Cave.

"If a man takes away thy cloak let him have thy coat also."

P. S. Since writing the foregoing my wife calls my attention to the fact that on one occasion I received from Rev. Rogers a postal card which was written in a jocular style but highly commendatory of the Blade. I remember distinctly that he had made a picture of a horse with his pen, and wrote the word "Cave" after it for Horse Cave, his post office, and I remember that the card complimented the paper. On one occasion before when I wrote to him for his subscription to the stock of the Blade, he assigned as a reason for not paying it, that his wife was sick.

Since the above was written Rev. Hiram Ford has paid me \$2.00 for the coming year.

"A Lady" Gives me a Slice of Sheol About "Woman's Rights."

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 12, '92.  
C. C. Moore.

SIR—Have been reading your paper for the past few weeks (well aware that I was committing a sacrilege in so doing,) and concluded to take the liberty of writing a few lines to you.

First I wish to say a few words in regard to the prominent subject of your paper, which is "Woman's Rights." You seem to be a very strong advocate of this subject, but it seems to me impossible for any man who is a man to plead in favor of "Woman's Rights."

I can not believe that any man would like to have his wife's word name made a common by-word of the common multitude, as it would be, were any woman to become a candidate for Mayor as you spoke of the women doing.

No man would enjoy seeing his wife so far neglect her household duties, her duties as a wife and mother as to desire to fill a man's sphere in life.

Would you like to see your wife leading a drunkard to a place of security, or would you like to see her standing among a noisy drunken crowd trying to produce order?

I do not think you would; and yet these are the duties of a Mayor.

I am glad to know that there are too many wise men in this enlightened age to allow such a thing to take place. But I am sorry to say that there are a great many women who, in order to become prominent, would, like yourself, give up all that they hold dear in this world.

Again, you claim the right for women to vote. A pretty sight it would be to see a crowd of women lounging around the polls with men of all classes, neglecting their homes and perhaps their little ones.

Women have their own sphere in life, just as men have theirs, and let them fill their place conscientiously. That is all that is required of them.

It is easy to be seen by your paper, that your ideas are not, in the least, consistent. You claim to be fighting hard (but only to become prominent) for Prohibition, (please spell it with a large P.—Editor.) but of what use is Prohibition, or a better state of affairs if there is to be no "thereafter," and claim that if it were not for the fear of God and future punishment the crimes which you seemingly are fighting against, would be twofold what they are at present.

What persuasion could be used to convert a drunkard, if not the persuasion of "God" and the "hereafter?"

I heard a lady say not long ago that a child had no right to respect his or her parents. Is this not a beautiful theory to teach a child?

So it is with you. You wish to drive away drunkards and immorality, and all the time you are trying to poison men's minds with just such vile theories as the above. Trying to teach men reverence for God, when it is the reverence of God alone that (illegible) the world toward a better life.

I think if you were to put aside the attempt of being an editor and study until (parlor) the liberty I take with your orthography—Editor capable of talking, it would be a brilliant idea. Any man with any good moral sense, can but see how little you study Prohibition and morality.

The desire to become prominent overrules all your better thoughts (if you have any) and, although I am a firm believer in Prohibition, I do not believe in the course you have taken to carry Prohibition.

Separate (pardon me again, if you please Madam, for another interference in your orthography, in that treacherous word, Editor) Prohibition and religion and the saloons will continue to thrive and flourish.

Respectfully,  
A LADY.

Madam. As your pseudonym does not indicate what position you occupy with regard to matrimony, I assume to address you as Madam, not merely because, under the circumstances, the code requires it, but because the tone of your letter shows you to possess those traits that are absolutely irresistible to the masculine heart.

With your permission I will direct a part of my reply to you and then dropping the second person, I will assume the third, and crave your indulgence while I use your peculiar case as the basis of some incongruous remarks that I shall direct to the world in general, and which you may flatter yourself will be read, with more or less interest from the frosts of Michigan and Massachusetts to the flowers of Florida and California.

I do not know exactly what constitutes "sacrilege," but your language indicates that you regard it as something wicked.

I am sorry that my paper has been the occasion of your doing violence to your conscience in the first place, and more sorry that you have persisted in it for several weeks subsequent. I hope, you will not continue to do so.

Please allow me to suggest to you that you have inadvertently confounded the prerogatives of a Mayor and those of a policeman. Abraham S. Hewitt as Mayor of New York and my distinguished kinsman, Carter Harrison, as Mayor of Chicago, have not felt themselves specially called upon to be leading around drunken men.

In the smaller towns, of Kentucky for instance, in such places as Lexington, Paris, Somerset and Frankfort, we have reports of Mayors being found in such condition as that they themselves had to be led to "places of security," but I have never known one of them to attempt so hazardous a feat as to try to lead anybody else that was drunk.

Your favorite mode of ratiocination seems to be the "argumentum ad hominem." I like it. There is a directness about it that economizes printer's ink.

The Mayor of Somerset, is a man opposed to Woman Suffrage. The Mayor of Kiowa, Iowa, is a woman and in favor of Woman Suffrage. The Mayor of Kiowa has lately distinguished herself by having all the liquor in all the saloons in her town poured into the streets, and having the saloon doors nailed up. The Mayor of Somerset is now in jail for having attempted a nameless outrage upon an insane lady put into his official care.

I hope it will be no offense to suggest to you that you would try to overcome your aversion to women mayors, if you had to be put either in the official care of the Mayor of Kiowa or in that of the one of Somerset, and were left to make your choice.

You very properly suggest that "women have their own sphere in life." My friend, the lamented "Artemus Ward" heartily agreed with you, and was accustomed to say that he "liked to see a woman in her proper sphere."

Many men and even women have made the same remark; but the sentiment as to what constitutes the "proper sphere" of women is not now so uniform as it was some years since.

Your suggestion that I should "put aside the attempt of being an editor, and study until I am capable of talking," while perhaps not couched in language so melodious as that of my friend James Lane Allen, is, nevertheless, a point well taken, and a suggestion upon which I have twice

upon which I have twice before the editing of the Blade, as frequently so greatly surprised that it is a matter of no little surprise that my oblique "sign manual" as "Editor" of the Blade stands at the head of its columns.

With these suggestions I will excuse you and address myself to the public on the supposition that you are not present. This I would have a right to do in journalistic courtesy, you being incognito. even I admit that you are what you sign yourself to be.

And now, to the pulpit and the press of this date, and this city, I say that you are responsible for the existence of that instance of "sign manual" in this city.

A woman whose reason is not merely that of reasoning, and whose intellect is not merely that of intellect, are the direct outgrowth of what you are stuffing into minds too weak to be capable of self defense.

There is a woman who, as the result of your ignorance or, what worse, your knavery, not only believes in a devil, but believes that the only true incentive to morals is the fear of the "hereafter," as she calls it.

I do not believe there is any woman about this letter's being the production of a woman. It is not of a man in disguise. It is not merely that of chirography, and the punctuation which I correct to make it intelligible, the spelling and the sentiment have the ear marks of uneducated humanity.

I do not blame the woman. I blame her. She is the victim of circumstances, which her natural masculine superiority placed around her, and I thought I say let him that is with a fault among us cast the first stone at her. But in a town there is not one single white man, or editor, who believes in a kind of a devil, any more than in any kind of a sin, and a shame and disgrace that the clergy are on to that ancient superstition as Torquemada held racks and thumb-screws and inquisition, to extract from his victims.

I believe it is but a few way.

But you ain't going to get me into that now about Jonah. The man is dead, and I despise this thing of pecking on a dead man.

When Jonah was swallowed by the whale he must have struck oil, but when he had a good thing he never knew how to fry the fat out of it.

He was naturally unlucky. I have never thought that the whale intended to murder Jonah in cold blood, for you know he is a warmed blooded fish. He found Jonah a stranger and took him in; and when he found out that Jonah was going to blubber he let up on him. It may have been that the whale was something of a blow hard, but there was nothing scaly about him.

I don't think the whale was a good Prohibitionist, for he was about half seas over when he swallowed Jonah.

Jonah was all right, and the whale found it was hard to keep a good man down. The whale took in Jonah to go into the fish business with him, but Jonah said there would be no prophet in fish, and the whale threw up his contract. The stock of his corporation was watered and the whale unloaded.

Nice Sweet Long-chaw for Bro. Neal and me.

The Blade, the Worker and five other papers will combine, and the circulation all together will be 10,000 copies. Rev. Robert B. Neal and Charles Moore will have the management of the Blade. Mr. Neal having charge of the business management and Mr. Moore the editorial department. Mr. Neal was thrown from a buggy about nine years ago, and was so injured that he gave up the ministry, and desiring to do all the good he could, he devoted his time to journalism. Besides editing the Worker, he had the management of five other papers. If a sick man could accomplish so much, how that he is well, he is all sufficient for the task he has undertaken. There can be no doubt about Moore's part. He don't begin any work with doubts as to its success. He knows no such word as fail, and now having associated with him such a grand man and worker as our friend, R. B. Neal, great good will be accomplished. [Corinth Independent.

Jolly Cap Ain Ben. Comments Upon the Lexington Transcript's Anti-Prohibition Whale Story.

WHISKY IN A WHALE.

A sperm whale forty feet long got over the bar at Ocean City Md., during the high tide several nights ago and was left high and dry on the beach by the receding water. All night long his struggles could be heard by the crew of the life-saving station near by. They sounded like the heavy beatings of the snail. After the levitation was dead the residents in the neighborhood gathered and cut away the blubber. In cutting open the monster's stomach there were found a number of empty bottles and a five gallon demijohn, corked and sealed, of elegant dry whisky. It is supposed that the whale followed in the wake of the United States steamer Dispatch, which was wrecked about a month ago, and swallowed the demijohn as it was floating out of the wreck. [Lexington Transcript.

LEXINGTON, Dec. 29, '91.

FRIEND MOORE—The enclosed clipping is from the Lexington Transcript of this date.

It strikes me that the story it tells is of a miracle worked for your special benefit.

If a modern civilized whale would be foolish enough to swallow five gallons of "excellent old rye whisky," and then throw himself out of the water and commit suicide because of his sin—if, I say, a modern civilized whale would do this, it is unreasonable to suppose that a whale who lived in a dark and barbarous age, when Jonah had his little unpleasantness with the Lord, would have hesitated to swallow a runaway missionary, and in the course of three days get tired of the job, and "throw up" the load of sin he was carrying, on dry land, or any other convenient place he could find to throw him up, where he would not be liable to again come across him, and make a similar mistake?

I do not believe you are half so much of a better man as you represent yourself to be, and think it just possible that this modern whale miracle may be the means of your redemption.

Consider the lesson herein taught and do not think every fish story is a fishing story.

Your Friend  
SIMON.

P. S. Now if you want to publish the above as a joke on Jonah and yourself you can do so, but please don't tell anybody who wrote it. If you do, I will never write you another line.

Truly Yours,  
BEN. S. DRAKE.

It looks to me like this country is making an unjust discrimination against me.

When I reason that way about that whale a preacher writes all the way from California to tell me how deeply it grieves him. But when Bro. Drake, in full fellowship and good standing, in Dr. Felix's church, talks that way, it's all right. But he's a Democrat and I am a Prohibitionist, and that makes a difference.

The proverb says "What's fair for the goose is fair for the gander," and I don't see why what's fair for the Drake is not fair for the duck; but it don't work that way.

When I first started the Blade, I tackled Sam Jones, but it busted the Blade; and ever since then I have thought Sam was a Jonah.

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**FOR THE SPRING!**  
**WHITE GOODS**  
IN SMALL AND LARGE CHECKS. IN WIDE AND NARROW STRIPES. IN PLAIN GOODS, NEW, PRETTY.  
**EMBROIDERIES**

Pretty little edges in Swiss and Nainsook. Insertions to match all edges. Handsome Match Sets in Nainsook, etc. Many widths and qualities.

**LACES**  
Torchons, Smyrnae, Medinas, new and pretty. Match sets some qualities. Valenciennes, carefully selected stock, new.

IN LOW PRICES—WE LEAD THE WAY.  
**TAYLOR & HAWKINS**  
No. 7 West Main Street, Lexington, Ky.

**BAKER & BROS.,**  
No. 12 NORTH LEXINGTON ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

**Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons etc.**

Repairing promptly done and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAZER CELEBRATED CARTS

We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

COME AND SEE US.

**BAKER and BROS.**

**WILSON & STARKS**  
CLOTHIERS  
TAILORS

**HATTERS!**

**FURNISHERS!**

The Largest House, the Largest Stock and the Largest Business in Our Line in Central Kentucky.

If you need anything in our line don't buy until you have looked through our stock.

We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices.

Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

**WILSON & STARKS,**

62, 64 and 66 E. Main Street.

**Kaufman, Straus & Co.,**  
12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

**Early Spring Woolen Dress Material.**  
Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettes just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

**WASH GOODS.**  
Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 2







Charles C. Moore  
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	PER LINE
One Year, 52 insertions.	\$10.00
Six Months, 26 insertions.	\$6.00
Three Months, 13 insertions.	\$3.50
Two Months, 8 insertions.	\$2.50
One Month, 4 insertions.	\$1.50
Three Insertions.	75c
Two Insertions.	50c
Single Insertion.	25c

A Nice Old Gentleman Tumbles to the Prohibition Bracket.

ABINGTON, ILL., Jan. 14, '92.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—For your encouragement I write this.

Uncle Peter Dechant used this language in regard to your paper (the Blade): "I take six papers but I read the Blade clear through first all the time, and confound me if I do not believe I will vote the Prohibition ticket next election."

There were witnesses who heard this besides me.

Said I "Bully for uncle Peter!"

Another man accosted me in the grocery. Said he, "Byram do you take that Blue Grass Blade?"

"I do," said I.

Said he, "A man ought to be turned out of the church who reads it."

We need buck skin editions in Abington.

Send the Blade for six months to H. A. Peters, Hay Springs, Nebraska.

I will send a dollar for same soon.

Respectfully  
W. W. BYRAM.

Give my love to Bro. Dechant and tell him he is a man after my own heart. He made the argument fairly and gentlemanly, and as forcibly as the circumstances would admit, for his old political party, and when I answered it he saw there was nothing in his argument, and he gave it up like a man.

He could see that he was every way my peer intellectually, and that he probably knew more about politics than I did, or do. But like any other strong-minded and honest man who will stop to think, he can see that the difference between Democrats and Republicans is nothing but a squabble between the ins and the outs while the liquor traffic, involving finance, and morals and legislation, as it does, is the most stupendous issue ever presented to the American people; and one which will go through all the governments of the earth just as it has through ours.

In time to come, "Mother" Stewart, the author of Prohibition, will be known to the world as a greater hero than "Mother Hubbard" and "Mother Shipton" and the "mother of the Graces," all put together.

The next thing after Prohibition is the "Peace Congress."

It's all part and parcel of the one grand Prohibition idea.

The Peace Congress will all be fixed up at the Chicago Centennial next year, by representatives from all over the world, and there will be "peace on earth and good will among men," and "war shall be no more," and the spear (bayonet) shall be beaten into a pruning hook, and the sword into a plow share and men shall learn war no more."

There are not three preachers in Kentucky who have as much faith in the New Testament as I have, and I am a heathen.

They tell you that they believe something about "Trinity," and "regeneration" and "sanctification" and "expurgation" and "thunderation" and "damnation," but they do not believe a word of it; and they do not believe that the day is at hand when men shall learn war no more, and when, metaphorically, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

I believe this sincerely and intelligently. I know that only two or three centuries ago, the judges decided cases at law by "wager of battle." That is now so thoroughly done away with that not more than one man out of ten who read this will know what that means.

In fifty years from now children will be asking their parents how it was possible that governments used to keep armies, just as they now ask how it was possible that we used to have slaves.

I believe that the Peace Congress is coming, and that no government will have any army

or navy, and that in order to show the complete fulfillment of that prophecy, they will literally take some of the bayonets from the arsenals of the United States and make pruning hooks of them, and make plow shares of them, and that all of them will be converted into some industrial pursuit, and that the cannon and cannon balls will be melted and put into railroad rails, on railroads that will be owned and operated by the government, and that you will be able to go from here to New York for a dollar.

That's the kind of a hair pin I am in theology.

Set up with them Brother Byram; we'll get there.

Robert Nuckols Writes.

Mr. R. C. Nuckols, late cashier of the Mercantile National Bank of this city, has a column article in the Georgetown Times in which he avers that his recent escape was caused by nervous prostration and mental worry over individual financial embarrassment.

The article is aimed specially at Charles Moore, and to refute certain alleged aspersions of that individual in reference to his (Nuckols) downfall being attributable to whisky. The article closes as follows:

"Now hereafter the man who, after my declaration, strives to write my name and my family's name with tales of infamy, by the power of truth I affirm that I will hold him individually responsible for a personal recantation."

While we don't endorse Charlie Moore in anything he says, yet Mr. Nuckols' procedure in this town is an open secret to everybody, and when he left, the newspapers kindly threw the palladium of charity about him. We don't think he has yet quite recovered from his mental disorder, or he would have forbore to appear in print upon such a delicate subject. We would advise him to quit drinking "moderately" and keep himself as far away from newspapers as possible, or he may find it necessary to hold some of the boys in this neck of the woods "individually responsible."

Georgetown Times, and Harrodsburg Democrat, please copy—[Harrodsburg Sayings.]

A Church "Member in Paris" Writes a Libel Upon me, and the Kentuckian-Citizen Publishes It.

THE RAVINGS OF A LUNATIC.

For the benefit of a few unacquainted with the facts we desire to say a word in regard to the wholesale denunciation of one people in a sheet called the Blue Grass Blade.

It is with sorrow and commiseration that we refer to all to its editor. He has been an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum, or else should have a friend, or friends, for their own reputation and for his sake, they should see that he be returned immediately to that institution.

Demencia assumes many forms. This poor fellow once attempted to preach and to become a Christian preacher. He is a grand son of the beloved and venerated B. W. Stone, one of the movers of the Reformation, who lies buried at old Cane Ridge, and among the people that this poor man so fiercely denounces.

Infidelity, lunacy and the great cause of temperance do not go well together. Every precinct in Bourbon county save one has local option laws and favor and work for temperance. Paris is the only precinct in Bourbon county without temperance laws; and we made a magnificent fight here a few years ago for Local Option, but were outvoted, as the friends of temperance generally are in the larger towns and cities.

The spleen and idiocy of this man seems to be directed against the Christian church and its pastor J. S. Sweeney.

Possibly of the 1,300 members of the Christian church in Paris, there is not to be found in this broad Commonwealth, or elsewhere, a more united, devoted, moral and religious body of people. They are noted for their generosity, hospitality, refinement and culture; the church in Paris gave \$15,000 to the cause of education (Kentucky University) in the adjoining city of Lexington, more than any other church in Kentucky.

As to elder Sweeney it is enough to say that his people for whom he has preached almost the fourth of a century are satisfied with him. During the twenty-three years that he has been preaching the glorious gospel of Christ here, with a power and eloquence and pulpit rarely equaled, he has never repeated a single sermon.

He preaches for the restoration of New Testament Christianity and for the union of all God's people in the greatest cause in all this universe; impressing upon his hearers that their loftiest ambition and aspirations should be for a virtuous life, and a glorious and blissful immortality.

If the editor referred to above could see his more lucid

intervals visit the grave of his great ancestor it would in all probability do him much good.

A MEMBER IN PARIS.

I deny the statement that I ever was "an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum" or that I was ever insane or that there is any foundation in fact for the statement. The Lexington Leader of Jan. 31, has also published the above account with the additional head lines and comment. "A Righteous Protest—Against the utterances of the Blue Grass Blade."

A member of Elder Sweeney's church in Paris denounces Editor Moore for his violent abuse of that eminent pastor.

The Paris Kentuckian-Citizen Friday published the following righteous protest against recent utterances of Editor Charles C. Moore in the Blue Grass Blade:

Especially Glad to Have Friends in "Old Bourbon."

PARIS, KY., Jan. 8 '92.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Herewith, please find check for \$2.00 in payment of your paper. I do not know how long it has been coming to my address but am satisfied I, or we, have gotten the full \$2.00 worth. I hope you may continue it, and if I am unable to pay you in money I will take pleasure in rendering professional services to that amount.

Respectfully  
J. F. McMillen.

His letter head shows he is a dentist. Just think about getting paid by having your teeth pulled. Jeeminy!

An Extra Supply of Blades for Paris, Kentucky.

PARIS, KY., Jan. 29, '92.

DEAR MR. MOORE—Received your papers by this afternoon train. Sold them out in a few minutes.

Can't you send me 100 copies next week, can sell them without any trouble.

Please send them.

Respectfully  
FRED S. DONALDSON.

I am informed that copies of the Blue Grass Blade of Jan. 23, sold in Paris for twenty-five cents each on account of that article about whiskey in the "Christian" church there.

It was not a patching to what will be in the Blade of February 13, written by members of that church, and giving that church particular fits.

I used to think "Pleasant Green," the negro church in Lexington was tough, but I am never going to say it any more since I have gotten into true inwardness of that "Christian" church at Paris.

It does beat the devil. I will publish the testimony of a lady and a gentleman who are members in good standing in that church.

Fred Donaldson at Paris is the Blade's news boy, and unless orders for more than 100 are given him before February 12, I will send him only 100 papers.

THE OCCASIONAL GLASS.

It May Well Be Refused If It Gives Temptation to Others.

It is difficult to convince many otherwise excellent people that there is any harm in taking an occasional glass of wine or other intoxicating beverage at the table or elsewhere. They never drink to excess, it is said, and why should they deprive themselves of a harmless indulgence because other men are too weak to control their appetites. This is the usual argument, but in the present situation of things at least it is a cruel, selfish, unmanly and unchristian argument.

It is the old cry in a new form. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Paul answered this most effectively when he said, "I will eat no flesh while I stand." I will eat no flesh while I stand.

There is true manliness in this, the true Christian spirit. "I will deny myself," the apostle might have added, "even so harmless and so important an article of food as meat. If the eating of it can stir up in my brother a desire to drink, I will abstain from it. It is not absolutely essential that I should eat meat to sustain my life. There are plenty of other kinds of food good and wholesome to which I may resort. I will restrict myself to those if by so doing I can save a single one of my fellow men from a life of sin and shame." Would that the moderate drinker would apply such logic as this to himself—Christian at Work.

Poverty and Saloons.

Statistics show a very close connection between poverty and saloons. A recent number of an English publication asserts that in the poorest district in London there is one saloon to each 138 of population, or eighty-one saloons to 11,000 of population. In a certain quarter in Chicago, which, however, is not conspicuous for extreme poverty, there are said to be 750 saloons. The vote of that quarter is about 7,000. It appears therefore that there is one saloon to every ten voters. Provided each of these voters represents ten persons who do not vote, or in other words that the population of the district is 70,000, which is much too high, there is one saloon to each 100 of population. On the other hand, accepting the lowest number of saloons claimed for the territory (\$50), there would still be one saloon for each thirteen voters. Estimating the saloons at one to five of population there would be one saloon to each sixty-five persons. Thus it appears that London's record of saloons in the poorest quarter is not so bad as is that of a part of Chicago—Chicago Daily News.

THE ANNUAL LIQUOR BILL.

The annual liquor bill for the United States is \$1,388,000,000.

## EUROPEAN TEETOTALERS.

A Powerful Appeal for Temperance Widely Circulated on the Continent.

An appeal for total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors is being widely circulated on the Continent. It is the work of the Zurich Society for Combating the Alcohol Habit, and is translated especially for The Voice.

The salient features follow: The Voice of the question has been pronounced for the consideration of the use of alcohol in the most widespread practice, the use of alcoholic beverages, does not threaten a serious danger. In the course of discussion of this question one has realized that moderate indulgence in the use of alcohol is a danger to the health.

Science has shown beyond question the changes that are wrought in the organs of the body by the oft repeated and free use of such beverages. It characterizes these as changes occasioned by a process of poisoning, in many respects akin to arsenical poisoning, and recognizes them as causes of degeneration, sickness and death.

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## DRINK IN RUSSIA.

It Honeycombs Public Service and Debauches the Peasantry.

The Grasshopper, a Russian official organ, recently published some graphic pictures—some humorous, though pathetic, others tragic—of the effects of drink in that country.

For instance, it relates how in the town of Kiev a Russian policeman, who was to bring a prisoner into court, enters the room with hat on head and suddenly drops helpless on the floor. Panic prevails until it is found that the man is only drunk. When he has recovered sufficiently the presiding justice asks:

"Where is your prisoner?"

Answer—He is right down stairs, yer know; stopped just 'ere a little smoke. B-but he will be up by and by, yer'll see; can take my word; he's the right sort of fellow.

Again: A tax collector is out gathering arrears; the peasants plead impotency, but hospitably invite the officer to take a glass of vodka (brandy) with them. Next morning many of them had to be put under a pump in order to bring them to their senses, but such heroic measures were of no avail in the case of the tax collector—he had drunk himself to death. The peasants in the neighborhood failed and most of them, to honor his memory, became dead drunk.

In this connection, however, we must remember that in Russia vodka is extremely cheap; the Russian, as a rule, cannot stand more than one-half the amount of liquor tolerated by his European neighbors; that as he lives so early the drink has a more terrible effect upon him; and that most of the European countries consume per capita a much larger amount of alcohol than does the Russian.

The Coffee House Plan in Chicago.

Among the most practical schemes for the promotion of temperance is that which is known as the coffee house plan. It has been in operation for some years in Great Britain and, as we understand, is in its tentative stage in New York.

It is proposed to give it a trial in Chicago. Of course the coffee house must be offered to the wage earner, for whom, mainly, it is intended, as a charity, not openly as a reformatory agent. It must be offered as a business proposition.

The manager of the coffee house must be a man of high character, a man of a system of twenty-five plan coffee houses, started in an English town by the temperance people, reports a dividend of 12 per cent upon the capital stock. The houses were opened, made attractive, managed with the shrewdness displayed by saloon keepers and proved profitable from the first. Meals were served cheaply and elegantly, as they are in those saloons where they have lunch or restaurant attachments. Customers were made to feel at home. The result has been a notable reform in the lives of many who had been frequenters of saloons. Equally, of course, the experiment, to be successful, must not be under the control of any temperance society, though the capital must be furnished by people who desire a diminution of the drinking habit. This is the policy of those who are anxious to have the coffee house plan in operation in Chicago. It is a policy which we hope soon to see reduced to practice—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Fearful Indolence to Face.

We select, almost at random, from a daily paper on our desk, the following incidents:

Little Willie Barrett, nine years of age, was picked up on the streets of Brooklyn, Thursday morning, half frozen and fainting from hunger. His drunken mother had driven him from the house and compelled him to stay out all night.

The same morning, which was bitterly cold, May Lawson was found drunk on the street of the same city with a two-year-old baby in her arms, nearly frozen. The child was taken from her and placed in a foundling asylum.

The night before, in a saloon at Monday, O., a drink crazed desperado, Thornton Sampson, murdered without the slightest provocation John Lynch, a man with whom he was drinking in a saloon.

These items were all in remote corners of the paper with nothing to indicate that they were anything unusual. They are paralleled almost every day in the year.—Voice.

England's Drink Bill.

During the last five years England's drink bill has been steadily on the increase, notwithstanding the fact that never before have her temperance organizations been so active or aggressive as during that period. We are told that among her educated and well-to-do classes drunkenness is becoming the exception and moderation the rule, yet notwithstanding this moderation movement and in spite of her boasted 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 total abstainers, her Bands of Hope and other means for educating children in temperance principles and her scientific and economic protests against the drink, etc., the bill goes on increasing. From £124,000,000 in 1887 it rose to £129,000,000 in 1890, and is expected to show a large increase for 1891.—Christian at Work.

For Moderate Drinkers to Ponder.

Every moderate drinker of alcohol who is in his room upon the following lines from Hannah Moore's "Robert and Richard." This is Richard's epitaph: Here lies a poor youth who called drinking his life. And was raised by saying "What harm is in this?"

Water is Our Natural Beverage.

Water is the only drink which nature knows or has provided for animals, and for man nature gives us, we may depend upon it, is the best and safest for us.

A Significant Fact.

Liberia imports 75,000 gallons of intoxicants for every missionary it receives.

No Alcohol Made in the Body.

Dr. T. S. Lambert, who has been delivering a series of lectures in New York city on the human system, illustrated his lecture by means of lay figures and charts. Among other interesting things the doctor said that the effect of alcohol upon the human system is to convert it into a body that is not free alcohol in the body. That is, none is made there. Whatever is there is made taken in. The doctor was tendered a vote of thanks for his lectures.—Voice.

## CHRISTMAS IN RETROSPECT.

Happy Homes Contrasted with the Misery Caused by Drink.

In millions of happy homes the annual festival of Christmas was celebrated. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" welled up in millions of bosoms. Ministerial lips told the story of things of great joy which should be to all people. Christian hearts responded with words of praise and with acts of genuine good will. Editorial columns bulged with sentiment. Christmas! A word to conjure with. Selfishness was relegated to obscurity. Anger and hatred and strife hid their faces in shame. For a time the millennial dawn seemed about to burst upon a planet redeemed from the sway of the powers of darkness. Was the world made better by all this? Undoubtedly.

But this is only one side of the picture. There is another and darker side. For instance:



## You bet Your Sweet Life I will Take the Risk.

MILLERSBURG, Jan. 12, '92.

Mr. C. C. Moore,  
DEAR SIR—I have been receiving the Blade for some time, and like it very much. It is always a welcome visitor to our house.

I take more pleasure in reading it than any other paper. I have been a prohibitionist all my life—one of the kind that vote as they pray.

Enclosed find check for \$2.00 to pay for what I have been taking the Blade, if I have been taking it a year. If not I am satisfied any way.

I have received two dollars worth from it. If you feel like taking any more risks on getting your money you can continue to send me the Blade; if not you will have to stop it.

With best wishes for the success of the Blade I remain

Respectfully Yours

J. W. PAYNE.

I will trust anybody—Hot-tent, Zulu, Camanche, Chinese, Sandwich Islander—except any man in Stanford, Ky.

That town beat me out of \$75.

The first time a man gets swindled it's the other fellow's fault. The next time he gets swindled by that same fellow it is his own fault.

And now for fear there might be an honest man in Stanford, whose feelings I might hurt, I will say now, once for all that no man from Stanford need send me for sample copies or anything else in the newspaper line, unless the money accompanies the order.

Then I will look at the money, and if it is not counterfeit, I will put it in my pocket and meditate over it before I will send him my paper.

The Blade has the United States for a market and I ain't afraid of any one horse town.

"Your Knock Down and Drag out Style is Just the Thing for the Times."

CHICAGO, Jan. 12, '92.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Your favor just received, and after looking at two or three of your editorials I am compelled to heartily congratulate you on the way you come down on those fellows who vote for whisky, Democracy and murder.

Best of all I have yet read and the most enjoyable is your overhauling of Thompson of the New Era.

He so richly deserves it, and it is done so much to my taste that I enjoyed a roaring laugh over it.

Your knock down and drag out style is just the thing for the times, and the men who have been nearly the ruin of our party are these old grumpy good-for-nothing sort of innocents.

Yes I will take your paper, and pay for it. I have so many prohibition papers that I can not read a column a month, and they are gratuitous—dead heads, all but two. But you are working the line I am working, and I like the flavor of your work. Good speed to your work. I do not like your being a Rationalist, but I can fix you on that when I get down there, for I imagine I will make some speeches in Kentucky for you before the campaign is over.

Speak to Neal about it and let me know whether I can't deliver a few hundred bolts in your part of Kentucky through you and Neal.

I am yours truly

J. S. HUGHES.

I Apologize to Bro. O. H. Gould of New York.

PILLAR POINT, N. Y.,

Jan. 11, 1892.

C. C. Moore.

DEAR BRO.—Your letter of Dec. 30 received enclosing postal note for 67 cents balance due on Geo. Miner's paper. You entirely misunderstood me. I meant for you to send me the paper, the Blue Grass Blade, the balance of the time for which I had paid, and not return the money.

Am sorry to make you this trouble.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send the Blade to my address for six months.

O. H. GOULD.

I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself for what I said in the Blade about that.

Bro. Gould said his former note "Please send the balance of the subscription to me," and I thought he meant the balance of the money that he had paid for Miner, whereas he only meant to say that I must send him (Gould) the paper for the balance of the unpaid time that was due Miner, and I made a donkey of myself, and sent back the money and then complained of how hard Bro. Gould was on me.

I ought to have known that there was any man in the world as mean as that, outside of Stanford, Ky. If I had just held on to that money like any other newspaper man would have done, I would have been all right, and would not have exposed myself either.

This thing of being honest will give any man that tries it a lot

of trouble. There never was a bigger lie in the world than that "honesty is the best policy."

Some grand rascal started that saying so he could get other people to be honest and not swindle him, while he was swindling them.

If you want to be poor, and unpopular, and have trouble all your life, you just try being honest. But then I came out all right in this case, for Bro. Gould sent me back 40 cents more than I sent him.

I believe the "Raven plan" will work all right until you strike Stanford, Ky. You can't fool those fellows on it. You'll get left every time.

You know there was an old lady who was always telling her boy to "trust in Providence."

She and the boy were going down a steep hill in an old buggy with a kicking horse, and the breaching broke.

The old lady was scared nearly to death as they were flying down the hill, but the boy told her to "trust in Providence."

The old lady said, "You are a fool to be talking about trusting in Providence when the breaching broke."

Bro. Gould is all right; but when it comes to trusting in Providence to get any money out of Stanford, "the breaching broke" with me, and it will be a cold day before any other man about that town gets my paper without paying for it in advance.

Those fellows over there never heard about Elijah and the ravens, and when they saw me talking about the "raven plan," they thought I was raven distracted.

Those people at Stanford have so much of Barnes' religion and Walton's politics that they could not be honest if they were to try, and they don't even try.

"Put me down for \$100.00 on the \$5000.00 Proposition."

WILDWOOD, KY., Jan. 16, '92.

Bro. Moore

I have just read the first page of the Blade, and drop it to tell you to put me down for \$100.00 on the \$5000.00 proposition.

Ever yours in the glorious cause.

W. W. GODDARD.

When I feel that I can not command words to do justice to the occasion my habit is to keep my mouth shut. But if 49 other men in the State of Kentucky will do that we, we will have Prohibition here.

These Democratic rongs and toughs and thugs and bummers have been running over this country rough shod until that is their game.

They are just as low down intellectually as they are morally, and when they see their little game has played they will knock under just like any other bullying cravens and cowards.

Henry Waterson of the Courier-Journal has a case of confident Achilles heel vulnerability. He is just the same breed of dogs with the rest of them, and if the prohibitionists and moralists of this state will furnish me the funds to put out a first class circulation of the Blade, it is just as easy to put him in the true light before the people of Kentucky, as being a bad and tool of John Atherton, as it is to show these little Lexington papers to be the tools of Hull Davidson, and Mitch Alford and Billy May.

Give me the money to tackle the star-eyed little tin god of Kentucky journalism, and it would put me on my mettle, and I would feel like I had something worthy of my steel; but to fool with these little two-for-five Lexington editors makes me feel like I am shooting grape shot at snow birds. It makes me tired.

Put up the shekels and turn me loose on Henry, and listen to the racket.

If you don't like it you will have your own treasurer, and you can pocket your shades again.

One of the best Democratic editors in the state is ready to furnish me the facts about Bro. Waterson, and I will show that he is one of the last men in the state that ought to have Water in his name.

That Preachers' Fund.

The following from Bro. Jerre Russell of Hardyville, Ky., is worth the reading, and his example merits followers.

"I have never read any paper that has so awakened me in regard to my Christian duty toward the shams and evils of the day as the Blade."

There is something about Moore's fearless way of saying things that stimulates a man who wants to attack Satan in high places.

The preachers need some of Moore's grit to bring them out like Bro. McGarvey in his Lexington address. That address will do more good than all the literary learning sermons preached in Lexington the last year \* \* \*

Let the Blade go to the preachers. If their consciences are so soft as to be bruised by any of Moore's old chestnuts, let them go; we can do better without them than with them.

Put me down one dollar to the preachers' fund—wish I could say ten dollars."

Now to get this matter in the right shape. The Blade is a costly paper—costs now over \$80. per week to get it out. The improvements I contemplate will increase the cost about one-third. The issue is only 1500—two dollar men, one dollar men and dead heads.

Moore's "Raven plan" has got the list in a Noah's ark confusion. The point is, the present list of the Blade will not justify my furnishing, absolutely free, sample copies in any quantity. I am willing that Moore shall bear a big part of the expense. Hence without consulting him—for this part of my part of the business—I contract.

1. To send specimens one month (four numbers) for only five cents.

2. The names to specimens must reach at least one thousand. (I have over that number on my list now.)

3. It will require \$50.00 per month to specimenize 1000 persons. With the above pledge, I have all but \$48.00 for the first month.

Now wake up! if you can not send \$10.00 or 5.00 or \$1.00 for this work, send me what you can, if it is only a nickel.

Remember that five cents will send it to one preacher one month—long enough for him to make up his mind about taking it for one year.

Roll in your funds. Address

R. B. NEAL,

Centerville, Ky.

A Lady Wants to Know What I Think About the Bible, Christ and Miracles.

At Home, Jan. 25, '92.

Elder Charles C. Moore.

Will you please state in your next issue, your views on the Bible, Christ, miracles, and what constitutes a Christian. There is much I would like to ask you, but having only a limited education can not express myself clearly.

I sometimes see the Blade, and have an intense admiration for both editor and paper. In some of your issues I agree. And will you please tell me with your vast intellect and profound knowledge, why you are not the one preacher of the "Reform" or "Campbellite" church. I am under the impression you have said something that possibly deserved excommunication. I don't know how I got the idea, but it's there. Please answer my inquiries, and very much oblige one of your most devoted admirers, in the fearless manner of conducting your paper.

Respectfully

EMMA W.

I believe the code of etiquette demands that I shall assume that you are a married lady, and galantry demands that I shall presume that your entire note is sincere. You will therefore, Madam, allow me to decline the statement that you have "only a limited education," and to proceed on the supposition that your tribute to my activity and attainments are an exhibition of a very generous heart, rather than the more deliberate convictions of your brain.

I take great pleasure in considering just such questions as you propound; but of course you know that the columns of a newspaper are too limited for more than an outline reference.

Those questions, and other germs thereto, I have succinctly elaborated—if that be not a contradiction in terms—in my book "The Rational View," and if you will furnish me privately your address to be kept confidentially, if you desire it, or that of some friend to whom I may send the book for you, without your disclosing your identity, I shall be happy to present to one so kind and so highly appreciative, a copy of the book with my compliments autographically spread upon its fly leaf.

But for the present I will give you an outline of my ideas of the four subjects about which you ask me.

For the sake of terseness I shall speak dogmatically.

The Bible is not in any sense of the word, an inspired book. It does not claim to be inspired, even in the most latitudinarian of all the modern theories of inspiration.

The authorship of the first five books of the Bible, technically known as the Pentateuch, is absolutely unknown, and without any clue.

The internal evidence shows that Moses, to whom they are commonly imputed, could not have written all of them since they give an account of the death of Moses.

The cosmogony, or "Genesis," is purely mythical, with no scientific substratum, and the myths have their counterparts among other nations.

For the history of the Jews as given in the Bible, there is considerable foundation in fact, regarding even the early part of the history; while in the latter part of the history it becomes about as authentic as other histories of those times, none of which were without the most glaring evidences of unauthenticity.

The Jews according to their own accounts of themselves, and

from all concurrent testimony, were the most cruel, blood-thirsty, and unjust, of all the races.

They were intensely superstitious, great liars, and very bigoted and selfish.

Their characteristics therefore, were very unfavorable for historians.

That part of the Bible called the New Testament, being of much later date, is much more easily understood. There is a substantial historical foundation, which is supported by concurrent testimony, for all the historical part of the New Testament; all accounts of any miracle, of course, being unauthentic.

The central figure of the New Testament was probably named Joshua.

It was Latinized into Jesus.

The word Christ was not a part of his name. He was called Christ in derision, from a Greek word which means "anointed," allusion to royalty, and he was so called in derision, because, though he was a poor man, and a common laborer, he claimed, or it was claimed for him, that he was of royal descent.

Of course he was born, and he died just as other men are now born and die. That such a character as Jesus lived; that he was a teacher of the morals and of the theology imputed to him in the books of the New Testament, that he was crucified by the Jews, is too well established, by the New Testament, and concurrent testimony, to be further mooted. At the time of his birth the Jews were looking for a man among their own people, who would throw off the Roman Yoke, and establish the independence of the Jews. They had looked for such a man for centuries before Jesus was born, and they continued to look for such a man after they had killed Jesus.

The disciples of Jesus—or some of them at least—wanted Jesus to seize the throne of Judea; and they expected him to do so. More especially was the true of Peter, his chief spokesman, an irascible and excitable man, and of James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were the most lovely two men of all his disciples, and the two most loved by Jesus.

Jesus himself hesitated and vacillated, as to the propriety of taking the throne of Judeah if it should be given him by acclamation; as there seemed great probability it would be, though of course it could not have been held against the Roman arms. There are some intimations that Jesus would have allowed his disciples to use arms in his defense, and others that he was opposed to it. The charge of the Jews, by which they induced the Romans to allow them to crucify him, that he had designs upon the throne of Caesar, was not entirely without foundation.

The Roman law and government was, at that time, so high and perfect that our law in America, at this day, fanned upon it. The Roman rulers in Judea at that time, as we see in reading the New Testament, were just and sensible men, and they knew about Jesus, and in sentiment at least, sympathized with him.

Their policy toward the Jews, as toward all others that they subjugated, was to conciliate them as far as they could, consistently with the justice and dignity of the Roman government. Jesus had a fair trial, and if he had denied before the Roman tribunal that he had no purpose of assuming political power, the Romans would not have punished him. But they asked him "Art thou the Christ?"—meaning "Are you a King?" or "Do you claim to be a King?" and he did not claim it. His answer was either evasive, or an admission that he claimed a right to the throne of Judea.

Such a demonstration as that which is described in the New Testament by the publishers of the New Testament as "The Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," and which showed that the populace wanted to make him King of Judea, gave to the Roman government ample reason to suspect Jesus of complicity in what was liable to result in insurrection, and he was fairly and lawfully tried, condemned and executed under the law.

The masses of the Jews, and even all the Romans that personally knew anything about Jesus; loved him, and loved him devotedly.

Women love him to adoration.

A Roman ruler was so touched with his purity and guilelessness, that when he saw there was no chance to save him by law, he observed what was probably a custom in such cases, by taking a basin of water, and washing his hands, to show that he would not stand responsible for his punishment.

The priests of that day made their living out of theology, as the priests and preachers of this day do. The religion that Jesus was teaching, was so unlike that the priests were teaching that it did away with any necessity for priests and temple services, and they opposed him both because the religion of Jesus was a rebuke to theirs, and because they were likely to lose their living by it.

In all of history there is no char-

acter that approaches in beauty that of Jesus of Nazareth. The nearest approach to it in ancient history is that of Socrates. He spent his life trying to do good for humanity, and was officially executed because, in so doing he had to oppose the ignorance and bigotry of those around him.

The most enthusiastic admirers of Socrates, in contemplating his death naturally say, "He died like a philosopher."

The most enthusiastic admirers of Jesus, in contemplating his death naturally say, "He died like a God."

In all history the nearest approach to Jesus, in martyred purity, is John Brown, executed in Virginia, for trying to free his fellow men.

In all history the nearest approach to the life of Jesus, is Count Tolstoy of Russia, now living, and taking the life of Jesus as a model.

The man who can speak contemptuously of Jesus, or his life work, is either ignorant or brutal.

There never was a miracle, Jesus did not claim to work miracles.

That was claimed for him by his light intelligent and less conscientious admirers, as had then been the case of other followers of other great reformers. Jesus recognized that Joseph was his father. He claimed to be a son of God, or the son of God, just as his disciples and all men who lived righteously, were by him called "sons of God." (1 John 3:1-2.)

The story of the "immaculate conception," as commonly believed by the Catholic and Protestant churches at this day, originated in the Catholic church.

Jesus Christ was "born of a virgin" as the expression was familiarly understood at that day.

The first child born of any mother, was, in the language of that day, born of a virgin.

There never was a miracle. A God could no more work a miracle than a man or an animal could. One miracle is just as easily "worked" as another.

That man should be able to construct a triangle, the three angles of which should be equal to three right angles, would be a miracle.

That a man should be able to make three piles of silver dollars, with only ten dollars in each pile, so that their aggregate would be forty dollars, would be the simplest kind of a miracle. A God could not do it any more than a man.

That a man should take three small and cooked fishes and break them in two, so as to give half of a fish to each of three thousand people would be a miracle.

You could do it as easily as a God could.

"God can not lie." A miracle would simply be a lie performed, instead of spoken.

None of the miracles imputed to Jesus in the New Testament are of the highest order of dignity. Some of them are contemptible; as in the case of getting the money out of the fish's mouth, and some of them are unjust and immoral, as in the case of killing a fig tree that did not belong to him, by cursing it.

In answer to the last question, I will say that Webster makes the first definition of "Christian" to be, "a believer in the religion of Christ." James in the New Testament, defines the word religion as follows: "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions, and to keep ourselves unstained from the world."

If we combine the definition of Webster and that of James I am a Christian, and yet if the question were to be decided by a popular vote, of course I would be pronounced an "infidel," and in compliance with the popular sentiment on the subject, I profess to be an "infidel."

Bounce Him Bro. Winslow, He Going for Your Man Keeley.

Keeley's painting process cures for inebriates continues to exhibit peculiarities. George Mears of Aurora, Ill., recently "cured," spent an afternoon lately practicing with a revolver on his wife and one of his neighbors, badly wounding a boy and a woman.

On the same day Dr. E. B. Plumb, undergoing treatment in the Keeley branch in Des Moines, Ia., jumped out of a third story window and died in the city hospital. Whatever the secret may be, its effects are powerful.—[The South-West-Liquor Organ.]

The Change in India.

Thirty years ago it required a great deal of moral courage in India for any one to be a total abstainer. At that time comparatively few missionaries had adopted this rule, and when a gentleman was asked to drink a glass of wine at a dinner table it sometimes required no little moral courage for him to decline. But few hosts could understand his scruples, and sometimes a whole party would feel affronted if he did not conform to the common custom. All this has since been changed, and a total abstainer is no longer to be considered at her table a breach of the best etiquette known in the empire. With the pathway of duty thus made plain and easy, there ought to be no longer hesitation on the part of anyone in walking in it.—Union Signal.

## FOR PROHIBITION.

TRUTH AS TOASTMASTER.

Fast flows the wine and faster, in banquet hall to-night; And Truth sits as toast-master, To give the toasts aright.

"Drink—to a listless morrow! Drink—to a will that lags! Drink—to remorse and sorrow! And poverty to rage!"

"Here's to the nerves that quiver! Here's to the man's erect! To social's black river! And misery's haggard eyes!"

"Drink—deeds most foul and cruel! And shame that shrinks aside! Five hours' tormented jewel! And wounds of murder wide!"

"Here's to our children languish! Here's to doom to unknown lives! Here's to a mother's sighs! And broken hearts of wives!"

"Drink to the soul's disaster, And everlasting blight! Thus Truth, the grim toast-master, Who gives the toasts aright."

—L. C. in N. Y. Voice.

SEIZE THE BALLOT AX

And Cut Off the Head of the Monster and Save the Nation and the Life and Honor of the Church and Civilization.

Misgivings for when the writer was a missionary to Africa, one of the missionaries heard a strange noise one night in the cook-house, and taking a light he discovered a large snake, fourteen feet long coiled around his fat, chubby dog which was now apparently dead, slithered over, and ready to be swallowed by the hideous reptile. The missionary seized a long dirk, thrust it through his under jaw and planned him to the ground, and got an ax and cut off his head, after which the dog revived.

Now, metaphorically, the cook-house is this country, the length and breadth, the dog is the living, throbbing heart of the nation. The serpent is the liquor power. The coil of the serpent around the dog is the control of the liquor power in politics. The slithering process of the serpent is the deception practiced by the liquor power through its political parties upon the Christian voters of the country. The swiftness of the dog under the coils of the serpent is the stupidity and apparent moral insensibility of the great mass of Christian voters whose parties are now under the coils of the deadly serpent, the liquor power. The dirk in the hands of the missionary, piercing the jaw of the serpent and pinning him to the ground, is the prohibition party slightly wounding the liquor power and indicating what shall soon be its fate. The ax in the hands of the missionary that cut off the serpent's head is the combined vote of the American church and others for the national suppression of the saloons; and as the dog revived when freed from the coils of the serpent so will the nation revive in purity and prosperity, take on new life in civil and political affairs, including the churches, the home and social life, when freed from the deadly coils of the liquor power which is now deceiving and controlling the church voters as a body and other citizens all over with moral and political corruption preparatory to the utter destruction of soul, body and nation.

Do you see and feel the deadly serpent of the still, the liquor power, which is daily tightening its slimy coils around our national and church life? If so, then arise at once seize the ax, the snail ball, and let us cut off the head of the serpent and thereby save the life of the nation and the spirituality of the church to honor God and bless mankind.—J. P. Piggins, in Nashville Issue.

THE WOMAN'S SENSE.

The experience of the last ten years has taught us women many lessons, and one most easily learned has been that there is no power on earth that the man seller dreads but the law and law enforced. And they only dread us as we insist upon this at the hands of our brothers, and they are jealous of the influence we exert upon men. Is it any wonder women, knowing these things, feeling their utter helplessness in themselves, want the ballot as the short road to success? Moral suasion work is tedious, but we must not stop there. Crystallize our desire to save men into ballots for their protection, help to blot off our statute books the license laws which disgrace our civilization and their place wholesome enactments which will protect the innocent and throw around the tempted victim of the drink habit a wall of defense and safety. Strange that the sense of the nation's peril should not advocate these views. But they never can! No computer ever estimated yet the price of a boy to his mother.—Indiana Phoenix.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

The preacher that supports a license party perpetrates a farce when he fights the saloon.—Nashville Issue.

If you license run drinking to make men sober, why not license thieving to make them honest, and prostitution to make them virtuous.—Senator Frye.

The Pennsylvania supreme court decides that run-sellers are liable for damages in case of injuries resulting from the sale of liquor to intoxicated persons.

EXPERIENCE has taught that the closing of the saloons on Sunday has good effects on the saloon.—Denver Republican.

Why not try it on Monday, then?—N. Y. Voice.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette says that saloon-keepers in Pittsburgh, who have been making \$3,500 to \$5,000 a year, now clear ten times as much under high license.

The prohibition club of Canton, O., recently organized with nine members, now numbers sixty-seven, and has just dedicated a prohibition hall in the Y. M. C. A. building.

TRUMBULL county, O., prohibitionists have reorganized with O. C. Phelps as chairman and L. D. Oviatt, secretary. The county will be thoroughly organized upon the White Rose league plan.

The total prohibition vote of Nebraska this year was 7,323, more than double the vote last year, and forming the largest per cent of the total vote ever polled in the state.—The New England Herald.

Here the prohibition out of politics! Shame the politicians. "Take your hell-dives out of politics," we answer back; "take the devil out of your bosoms and the blow aimed at it won't be felt!"

WANE the Almighty to sift all the four million whisky party church ballots to discover how much religious consistency they represented. He couldn't find enough to dust the eyelids of a church mouse.—The Issue.

PROHIBITION itself is repugnant to a large majority in both political parties. It has no more determined foes than the republicans. Constitutional prohibition suffered a crushing defeat in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts chiefly through republican votes. This ought not to be overlooked.—N. Y. Wine and Spirit Gazette.

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